

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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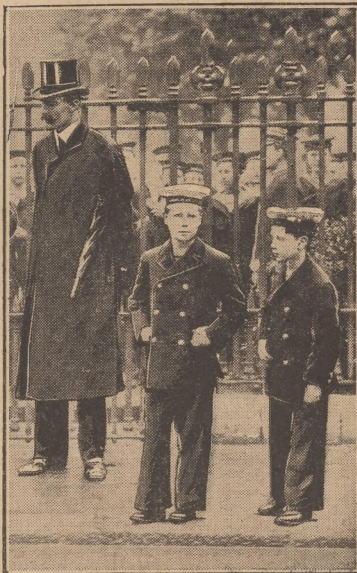
MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

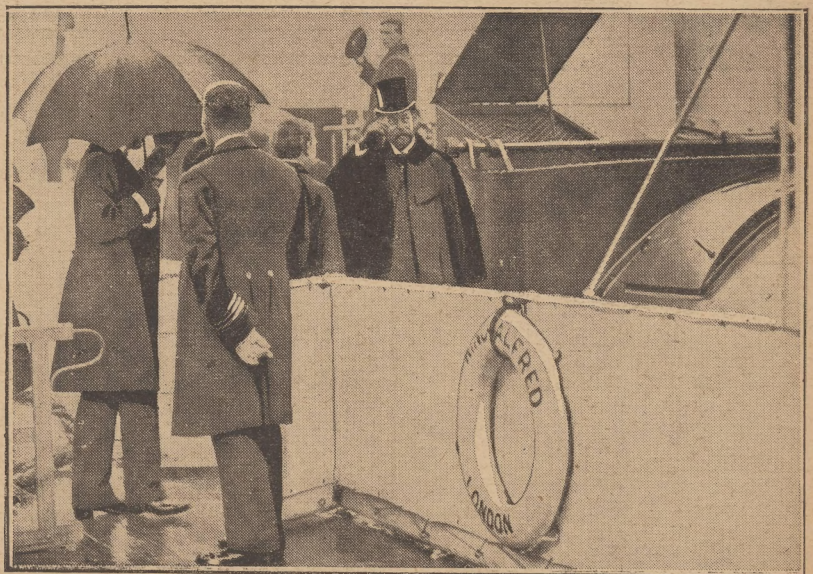
PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATES THAMES STEAMBOAT SERVICE.



The Prince of Wales going down the gangway to Westminster Pier, where he boarded the King Alfred, one of the new L.C.C. river steamers. The Prince first paid his fare, fivepence, for a circular ticket available for a journey to Greenwich by boat and return by tramcar. The fourpenny piece and silver penny paid for the ticket are to be preserved as mementos of Saturday's ceremony.



Princes Edward and Albert on Greenwich Pier after the arrival of the royal steamer.



The Prince of Wales, the L.C.C.'s first steamboat passenger, on board the King Alfred at Westminster Pier. Although there was a drizzling rain, his Royal Highness, as may be observed, did not use an umbrella.

MOROCCO CRISIS.

Grave Situation Between France and Germany.

BRITAIN HAS THE KEY

Kaiser Causes Friction Because He Is Out of the Combination.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—All France is deeply stirred over the Moroccan question and the possibility of trouble with Germany.

France feels that England holds the key to the situation, and the French Press asks anxiously whether the entente will stand the strain. M. Rouvier, president of the Council, says the "Figaro," received yesterday morning Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador. The question of the conference on Morocco and the participation of England was the object of the interview.

Up to the present the English Government does not seem very much disposed to receive favourably the proposition of the Sultan of Morocco. The "Figaro" remarks that England has more reason than France to decline the proposed Conference. The Sultan, before sending out his circular to the Powers, did not await the arrival of the English Commissioner. Mr. Gerald Lowther was on his way when the Moroccan Government took this important decision.

GREAT BRITAIN FLOUTED.

It would seem, adds the "Figaro," that the Government wished to precipitate matters in order to confront the English Commissioner with an accomplished fact, and to show how little importance Morocco attached to the English Mission. Another grave incident which has since occurred, and of which the English Government complains, is the assassination of Mr. Madden, an English subject, the Consul of Denmark and of Austria, to which the Moroccan Government has not appeared to pay much attention.

In face of both these incidents it is thought that the English Government would make a greater sacrifice of amour propre in accepting the conference than France herself.

The actual state of the negotiations is: That the final answer of England is awaited.

Will England, then, join in the conference? "England," adds the "Figaro," "will only consent to take part at the special request of France. If she does we shall know that she is acting as our faithful friend—who is ready through everything to defend with us the accord of 1904—and wishes to render us service by aiding us by an act of meritorious self-denial to settle our dispute with Germany."

RUSSIA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

Frog "Caviare" Spectacularly Prepared for British Consumption.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—English gourmets who love their caviare on toast may read with a sickening feeling a statement which appeared yesterday in a Saratoff newspaper:—

"We learn with interest that Tsaritzin (a town on the Volga) has opened up a large trade in its new industry—frog caviare. England, we are glad to say, is the largest purchaser.

"The manufacturers state that their sickening product cannot be told from the real thing—we should say, by Englishmen. . . . Large numbers of young girls are sent out with baskets towards the salt marshes, where they gather the spawn of a large frog which makes its home in the malarious swamps.

"Why should Russian girls be employed in this filthy occupation? If Englishmen love frog spawn let them seek it themselves among their allies—the frog-like Japanese."

A CONTESTED WILL.

"This codicil is to mention that on account of Tanners, G. R., excellent nursing when I was ill at Genoa, I leave him in case of sudden death, the amount of £400, 'Four Hundred Pounds,' knowing that I did on that occasion take an overdose of morphia, and he is, therefore, on no account to be blamed should such a thing re-occur."

To the will of Mr. R. M. R. Burrell, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, who died worth £31,629, was added the above codicil, which was the subject of litigation. Mr. Justice Deane has pronounced it valid.

ROYAL ASCOT.

Their Majesties Entertain a Distinguished Party at Windsor.

DANCE OF THE SEASON.

Royal Ascot—the greatest and most aristocratic race meeting in the world—opens to-morrow.

No other gathering draws such a brilliant crowd as the Ascot meeting, and at no other fixture are the stakes so valuable. With favourable weather conditions, this year's meeting promises to outdo all its predecessors in brilliancy.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday evening for Ascot week. Their Majesties looked in splendid health and spirits after their remarkably busy fortnight. The King wore a white flower in his coat, and the Queen was attired in her favourite heliotrope.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, looking tanned and well, arrived by the same train, and was driven in Princess Christian's splendid new Daimler motor-car to Cumberland Lodge, where he will form one of the party for Ascot week.

Their Majesties are entertaining a distinguished house party at Windsor Castle for the week.

"ASCOT STATE."

The King and Queen, and other members of the Royal Family, will proceed to the course in what is known as Ascot State to-morrow and Thursday. Writers often designate it state or semi-state, but it is neither.

The quaint jockey caps and uniforms of the postillions belong entirely to the Ascot of the past, and the procession is very similar to that which gave delight to our forefathers in the early part of the last century. We miss, of course, the uniform of the servants of the old Royal Buckhams and the green livery of the royal keepers, but with these exceptions the cavalcade is much like that which accompanied Queen Victoria to the Heath in the days of her youth.

In addition to their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, and other members of the Royal Family will be present on at least two days of the meeting, and the majority will be in the royal stand on all four days. Additional brilliancy will be added to the gathering by the presence of the Khedive of Egypt, who will stay for the week at Ascot Heath House, as the guest of Sir Ernest Cassel.

The course, thanks to the recent rains, is in the very pink of condition, and the arrangements for entertaining the distinguished company are now as near perfection as it is possible to attain.

The royal stand possesses a frontage of 70ft., and with the principal tier for the use of the King and his distinguished guests, the tier above is given to the King's household.

The week will terminate with the Eton and Winchester match at Eton, and the I Zingari match at the Windsor Cavalry Barracks.

KAISER AND BRITISH MAYORS

Message of Kindly Greeting and a Welcome to Germany.

COLOGNE, Saturday.—Lord Lyveden gave a supper-party at the Hotel du Nord last night to the British mayors and municipal officials who are making a tour and the chief local authorities. After Lord Lyveden had called for cheers for the German Emperor and the King of England, a telegram was read out conveying the thanks of the Emperor William for the message of greeting sent to his Majesty from Aix la Chapelle.

MOTORIST SENT TO GAOL.

Judge's Remarks as to the Rights of the People on the Public Roads.

At the Bucks Assizes on Saturday, before Mr. Justice Lawrence, George Harris Headshayde, an engineer, was charged with the manslaughter of Mary Haines at Colnbrook, by negligently driving a motor-car, and sentenced to four months' hard labour.

The evidence for the prosecution was that the woman was wheeling a mail-cart containing a child along the High-street, Colnbrook, on Sunday afternoon, April 2.

Mr. Justice Lawrence in summing-up said that motorists must not think that if they sounded a hooper pedestrians who were on the road must get out of their way, for they had every right to use the roads.

OVER A MILLION FOR CHARITY.

VIENNA, Saturday.—It is stated here that the late Baron Nathaniel Rothschild has left over a million pounds to charities.

His nephew, Baron Alfons Rothschild, will inherit the rest of the huge estate.

ARMISTICE EXPECTED

Cessation of Hostilities Between Oyama and Linievitch Reported.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—Exchanges of views are in progress between Tokio and St. Petersburg through Washington for a meeting of General Linievitch and Marshal Oyama in the Far East to pave the way for the Washington conference.

It was at first thought that the preliminary protocol would be signed at Washington, but it is now believed that the armistice will be best entrusted to the commanders.

No time-limit for the armistice is fixed, but it will be comparatively brief, so that the progress of the conference may be assisted as much as possible.—*Reuter.*

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—In a dispatch from Godziadin to the "Novoe Vremya," the correspondent states that he learns from an authoritative source that an armistice has been arranged.—*Exchange.*

GERMAN FORT'S CAPTURED.

Hottentots Seize Ammunition, Horses and Cattle, and Release Prisoners.

CAPE TOWN, Saturday.—Details of the capture of Warmbad have now been received from what is described as a most trustworthy source.

They show that the Hottentots under Abraham Morris captured the place on the 2nd inst., seized the ammunition stores, and released the prisoners, including Johannes Christian, senior.

The German officers escaped. The Hottentots immediately evacuated the place, and on the same day captured Kalkfontein, taking the horses, cattle, and provisions which they found there.

It is rumoured that Marengo intends attacking the Germans at Bietjespoort to avenge his defeats.—*Reuter.*

PANIC ON BURNING SHIP.

Exciting Scene as the Kansas City Arrived in New York Harbour.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—When the steamship Kansas City arrived here, laden with cotton from Savannah, this afternoon, her hold was ablaze.

There was an exciting scene on board. The women passengers, losing their self-control, became hysterical, demanding means of escape.

For their security the boats were got ready to lower, but before actual necessity to use them had arisen the Kansas City was docked.—*Central News.*

UNEASY JACQUES I.

"Emperor of Sahara" Escapes from Trieste, Abandoning the "Empress."

The latest reports of M. Jacques I. baudy, "the Emperor of the Sahara," are that he escaped from Trieste in the night-time, leaving all his luggage behind him.

"Three times within a few hours," says the "Observer's" Vienna correspondent, he telegraphed from Minature to Herr S. drinelli, the Mayor of Trieste, most confused messages, signed "Mohamed Arvalin, Emperor of Sahara."

Later on the lady whom he styles "Empress of Sahara" appeared at the Police Bureau to complain that M. Lébaudy had left Trieste suddenly, leaving her without money.

He had, she said, behaved like a madman, demanding a special train to Vienna, and threatening that the "Sahara troops" would bombard the town.

KAISER'S SARCASM.

The German Emperor has presented to the Sultan a volume of poems composed by Selim I., the warrior Sultan who was such a terror to the Venetians.

It may be mentioned that until the advent of the present Sultan there existed in Constantinople a much-frequented school of poetry. The present ruler has never lost an opportunity to strangle any attempt on the part of his subjects either at art or literature.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

It is estimated, says *Reuter*, that 135,000 head of cattle have perished in the floods in Argentina.

Trumpeters with instruments three feet long are the latest outcome of the Kaiser's army reforms.

A San Francisco woman who, in her wealthy days, established a home for destitute females, has been compelled to enter the place herself.

A chorus-girl, who married after a few weeks' acquaintance Mr. Charles Harper Thaw, cousin of the Countess of Yarmouth, has now, says the "Chicago American," divorced him. She has accepted £15,000 in lieu of alimony.

MISS CARY'S

MURDERER.

Assassin Confesses That He Was Carried Away by a Passion for Slaughter.

ATTEMPTED LYNCHING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—By capturing the murderer of Miss Henrietta Cary, the English governess who was living here, French detectives, under M. Hamard, have once more vindicated their cleverness.

The murderer is Auguste Gaillard, a blacksmith, aged twenty-seven. He is a human brute of murderous tendencies and appearance, one of those ferocious French criminals whose very existence is a danger to the community.

He is a tall, dark man, heavily built, of herculean strength, with a great bull-neck and a low cunning face. He has a large, drooping black moustache.

Miss Cary was found dead on June 11 in a field near Mont Valerien. She had evidently been strangled. Her gold watch, part of the chain, and her purse were missing, but valuable jewellery on her person had not been disturbed.

There was no clue to the perpetrators of the crime, except the statement of a man and a woman, who said they had observed a girl lying where Miss Cary's body was found, and over her a man kneeling, with his back towards them.

SLY AND EVASIVE.

Gaillard was arrested two nights after the crime with six other men. His appearance tallied with the description given by the witnesses except as to his height; but since he was kneeling down at the time accuracy could not be expected on this point.

Questioned by M. Hamard his replies were so sly and evasive that nothing could be made out of them, and he was released on Saturday morning.

But M. Hamard strongly suspected the man, and sent two of his smartest detectives to watch him.

He was observed to enter the premises of Messrs. Dalbouse, where he worked.

One of the detectives kept watch outside while the other proceeded to Gaillard's lodgings at Suresnes.

Under Gaillard's bed was a suit of much-worn, mud-bespattered black clothes, and in one of the pockets was part of the gold chain ornamented with pearls which had been torn off Miss Cary's neck.

The detectives at once telephoned to M. Hamard. At 5.30 Gaillard was seen coming away from work with a number of his comrades. They went to an inn, where Gaillard paid for drinks.

Later, Gaillard went to a wine bar at Puteaux, and there he was arrested while drinking absinthe by four detectives armed with loaded revolvers.

The man made no resistance, but turned very pale.

He was searched, and Miss Cary's watch and an English sovereign bearing the effigy of King Edward VII. were found upon him.

ATTEMPT AT LYNCHING.

Outside a great crowd had collected, and when the detectives brought the prisoner out of the shop a rush was made to lynch him.

There were loud cries of "Death to the murderer!"

When the prison van passed Messrs. Dalbouse's workshop, Gaillard's late fellow-workmen formed a line and attempted to bar its progress.

They cried: "Let us have him." "We will finish him." "Throw him in the river."

The police had to draw their revolvers, and forced a passage through the crowd only with great difficulty.

Gaillard's statement to the police is as follows:—"It is true I killed the English girl. I am not always responsible for my actions. I am sometimes seized with a desire to kill. On Sunday I had had a touch of the sun. I hardly knew what I was about, and as I lay by the roadside and saw the Englishwoman coming, and the road was deserted, I was seized with an irresistible desire to kill her. I could not resist it. May God have mercy on me!"

A FEARLESS WOMAN.

Miss Cary, a fearless, adventurous girl, who had lived in India by herself, and never asked for protection anywhere, had paid a visit of curiosity to a French racetrack.

She had been staying in France since last March, giving lessons in English in return for instruction in French; and the racetrack may well have appealed to her as affording a splendid insight into French manners.

Miss Cary was a Somerset girl of good family. She lost both parents when young, and this may have led to her wandering habits and her independent ways.

She was buried in Neuilly Cemetery on Saturday, the Rev. T. E. Briggs, the English chaplain, conducting the service. The ceremony was very impressive, and the numerous English who attended were deeply touched.

RIVER PAGEANT.

Prince of Wales Initiates the New L.C.C. Steamboat Service.

THREE MILES A PENNY.

Father Thames has been presented by the L.C.C. with thirty new paddle-steamers that carry passengers three miles for a penny.

The presentation took place in the rain on Saturday afternoon, and was made immortal by a water pageant in which twenty-three of the steamers concerned had a share.

They went to Greenwich from Westminster in double column, eleven on the Middlesex side and eleven on the Surrey side, headed by a boat picked out for special distinction. This was the King Alfred, which had the Prince of Wales on board.

The other boats had to be content with London M.P.s, county councillors, metropolitan mayors, and borough councillors.

Although the trip was a pageant, it was at the same time a trial run by ticket. Everybody was obliged to have a ticket, the price of which was marked fivepence. The county councillors, the London M.P.s, the borough councillors, etc., had their tickets presented to them, but the Prince of Wales was asked to pay for his ticket.

Historic Silver Penny.

With becoming loyalty and grace, however, the London County Council supplied his Royal Highness with the necessary money, a silver fourpenny bit and a silver penny.

Directly he stepped on the King Alfred the Prince tendered these coins, and received in return a ticket which not only took him to Greenwich by river, but back again by boat or by electric tramcar.

Great enthusiasm on the part of a very moist but very cheerful throng waiting on the bank meant above greeted this transaction between Prince and London County Council.

In the meanwhile Prince Eddy and his brother, who had come with their father for a boat trip, were too much taken up with inspecting the arrangements of the vessel, and expressing themselves satisfied with its river-worthiness, to admire properly the array of London County Council officials drawn up waiting to be "presented."

Mr. John Burns, M.P., was the only member of this array who looked at all nautical. His favourite attire is just the thing for a penny steamer.

When the new flotilla is in a hurry it can accomplish thirteen miles an hour, but a more sedate rate was chosen for pageant purposes.

Thus the 3,000 passengers—wives and friends accompanying the M.P.s, etc.—were enabled to inspect at their leisure the sprays of water in the form of Prince of Wales's feathers thrown up from the fire-boats by the river firemen.

"Buzzards" to the Front.

A prolonged view also was obtained of the tenacious way in which the Buzzard Naval Volunteers manned their rigging. There was ample time, too, to watch the scenes of admiring excitement on shore.

But if the view of the banks from the pageant was gratifying, what must be said of the view of the pageant from the banks?

Twenty-three penny steamers in two rows churning their way Greenwich-wards with measured beatings of their paddles, and on every vessel the well-beloved face of some popular publicist glowing benignly from the paddle-box. Never will London again see at one time such a fore-gathering of penny steamers and parish patriots.

At Greenwich the Prince disembarked. Here he found a guard of honour of Doggett's Coat and Badge men and a deputation of County Councillors whose pride and glory are tramcars, not paddle steamers. These gentlemen conducted him to a tramcar, which brought him back amid manifold cheers to Westminster Bridge.

Details of the Service.

The service is now open to the public. Boats will be run regularly at intervals of fifteen minutes daily. For the present the service will begin at 7 a.m. from Greenwich and Hammersmith to Hammersmith, and at 7.37 a.m. from Westminster to Hammersmith, and at 7.53 a.m. from Westminster to Greenwich.

The last boat running the whole length of the journey will leave each terminus at 6.30 p.m., but between Hammersmith and Westminster and between Greenwich and Westminster later boats will start every quarter of an hour up to 7.15 p.m.

The scale of fares works out as follows:—Not exceeding three miles, 1d. single, 2d. return; from three to five miles, 2d. single, 3d. return; from five to eight miles, 3d. single, 5d. return; from eight to eleven miles, 4d. single, 6d. return; over eleven miles, 5d. single, 8d. return.

STEAMER'S FIRST ACCIDENT.

As the L.C.C. steamer Turner, which left Westminster at 10.15 a.m. yesterday for Greenwich, was proceeding to put in at Waterloo, she collided bow on with the pier, twisting her stem to starboard. The passengers were taken off the vessel at the Temple, and transferred to the Boydell, which arrived at Greenwich at 11.40 a.m.

SUMMER DELIGHTS.

Bright Scenes and Merry Incidents up the Thames.

Sunshine and shower has been the fulfilment of the week-end promise.

Never has the air of London seemed sweeter or more ambrosial than yesterday morning, after the heavy rains of Saturday. In the country the verdure was revived by its ample watering, and Nature seemed like a giant refreshed.

Saturday's rain in London was phenomenal in its intensity. Commencing at 2 a.m. it fell continuously until the afternoon.

Yesterday the river contributed its share to the recreation of many hundreds of Londoners. The crowd, though by no means a record one, was considerable, and the colour effect was extremely picturesque.

A feature that promises to be of interest this season is the increasing number of actors and actresses who are taking advantage of the river for recreation. Many members of the "profession" were to be seen in punts, launches, and canoes yesterday.

The petrol launch is becoming somewhat unpopular. It is rather liable to take fire, and those who use boats object to the heavy wash it throws up.

Besides, the petrol launch is used too often by those who merely like to "scorch" up and down between Boulter's Lock and Cookham, and other easy stretches.

An amusing incident happened to a man in a Canadian canoe yesterday.

While trying to enter Boulter's Lock he made a sharp turn to avoid a boat, and upset his frail craft, falling into the water.

Onlookers were much entertained at seeing him swim towards the shore, towing the canoe behind him, and still smoking his pipe.

FLOODED RAILWAY.

Part of an Embankment Washed Away on the Great Northern—Traffic Delayed.

The most serious incident occurred on the Great Northern Railway near Bradford, when the water escaped from a pipe under the permanent way.

A considerable portion of the embankment was washed away, making traffic exceedingly dangerous.

Some trains were derailed, and though a gang of men soon set matters right, progress over the spot had to be made at a very slow speed.

The Bradford Fire Brigade had to be called out to pump the water from some of the business premises.

HELIGOLAND CUP.

Many Mishaps Mark the Start of the Yacht Race at Dover.

Exciting scenes attended the starting of the two yacht races on the 320 miles course from Dover to Heligoland for the German Emperor's cups, on Saturday.

Fourteen of the seventeen fine English, American, and German yachts entered in the two matches started, despite the unfavourable weather conditions.

Before the start a collision between four of the yachts was narrowly averted, and owing to the strong currents three boats lost four hours at the start.

When last seen the Atlantic, which won the ocean race, had a good lead for the race in which she is entered.

For the Heligoland Cup the leading yachts were the Suzanne, Therese, and Clara.

The finish is expected to take place to-day.

NEW ARMOURD CRUISER.

Elswick Launches Her Twenty-First Warship for the British Navy.

Lady Sybil Grey, daughter of the Governor-General of Canada, performed the christening ceremony at the launch of the first-class armoured cruiser Achilles at Elswick, Newcastle, on Saturday.

This is the twenty-first war vessel constructed at Elswick for the British Navy.

Sir Andrew Noble, at the luncheon, mentioned that whilst they all knew that a great many of the Japanese ships were built at Elswick, it was not so well known that every ship in Admiral Togo's fleet was armed there.

RECORD IN TENANCIES.

Remarkable occupancy of farm property is revealed by the recent death of Mr. Benjamin Slade, of Aston Uthorpe, Berks.

In unbroken succession, from father to son, the farm had been handed down since 1553, when the lease was renewed by the monks of Cirencester.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

Lord Derby's Son Marries a God-daughter of the Queen.

THEIR MAJESTIES ATTEND

The wedding of Lady Alexandra Acheson and Captain the Hon. F. W. Stanley, which took place on Saturday, was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria.

The bride, who is the Queen's god-daughter, is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford. Captain Stanley is the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Derby.

The ceremony took place at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, in the presence of a large and distinguished congregation.

Their Majesties and Princess Victoria, with Lady Suffield, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, and Captain Fitz Ponsonby in waiting, arrived by the principal entrance, and were received by the Countess of Gosford and members of the bridegroom's family.

The church was beautifully decorated for the wedding, palms, lilies, and other white flowers being lavishly employed for the purpose.

The bridesmaids were the Ladies Mary and Theodosia Acheson, sisters of the bride; Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of Mary Duchess of Hamilton; Lady Alexandra Carrington, daughter of Earl and Countess Carrington; Lady Mabel Crichton, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erne; Countess Nathalie Benckendorff, daughter of the Russian Ambassador; the Hon. Victoria Stanley, daughter of Lord and Lady Alister Stanley, and niece of the bridegroom; and Miss Violet Stanley.

Magnificent Lace Veil.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of cloth of silver, with a long train, and the marvellous Brussels lace veil almost covered the train. The bridesmaids wore gowns of a rose-pink shade, with sprays of La France roses.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted by the Rev. David Anderson, the rector of the parish.

The presents, which were many and extremely beautiful, included a high hair ornament of diamonds and cabochon rubies from the Queen; Princess Victoria gave a pendant of two pear-shaped topazes set with diamonds on platinum chain; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a pair of pierced gold flower holders; the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, wide dog collar of diamonds in Louis Seize design; the Earl and Countess of Gosford, diamond hair ornament; the Earl and Countess of Derby, crown-shaped tiara.

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON.

Rain, which spoiled London's half-holiday and ruined the Test match, marred the second day of the honeymoon of Prince Gustavus of Sweden and his bride on Saturday.

A visit to the old walled city of Chester had been arranged, but there was a steady downpour of rain all the forenoon, which kept the happy couple prisoners indoors.

About one o'clock the weather cleared, but conditions were still threatening, and the royal pair did not venture beyond the picturesque grounds, where they strolled about during the afternoon. Both are looking pictures of health and happiness.

AUSTRALIA'S HOLBEIN.

Mr. B. B. Kieran, the Wonder of Swimmers, Arrives in England.

On Saturday Mr. B. B. Kieran, amateur champion swimmer of Australia, who has proved to be a wonderful record-breaker, landed at Tilbury Dock from the R.M.S. Orontova.

He is but eighteen years of age, and will compete for the handsome trophy presented to the Royal Life-Saving Society for international competition by the King.

He will also take part in nearly all the Amateur Swimming Association championships at distances from 100 yards to five miles.

Although B. B. Kieran has only competed during two seasons, at present he is the holder of all the Australian championships from 200 yards to one mile, the New South Wales championships at the same distances, and all world's records at recognised distances from 200 yards to one mile, which is a remarkable performance for so youthful a swimmer.

Widnes boasts that it supplies the cheapest gas in the world. The actual prices since 1893 have been 1s. 4d., 1s. 2d., and 1s. per 1,000ft., the last-mentioned charge being for motive power only.

Mr. John Wilson, M.P., at Durham on Saturday, unveiled a statue to the memory of Mr. John Forman, who was for twenty years secretary of the Durham Miners' Association.

TOURING CANADIANS.

His Majesty Receives 300 Eminent Colonials at Windsor To-day.

Three hundred members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, including several members of the Dominion Parliament, arrived at the Hotel Cecil late last night on a visit to this country.

They are guests of the London Chamber of Commerce, which desires to return the hospitality its members received in Canada in 1903.

This morning King Edward will receive the Canadians at Windsor.

His Majesty has expressed a wish to see the visitors, and stated that 4 p.m. would be a convenient hour; but, finding that that time would clash with the garden-party already arranged at Copped Hall, Tottenham, to be given by Mr. S. B. Boulton, the King telegraphed to the effect that the morning would suit him equally well.

After their exhaustive programme of sight-seeing has been fulfilled, these Canadian manufacturers will know more of England than most of the English know.

NOISY BOYS EJECTED.

Curious Effect of Scots Guards Band on Students at Earl's Court.

The last three items in the musical programme given by the band of the Scots Guards were considerably added to by a body of alleged medical students at the Earl's Court Exhibition on Saturday night.

The boys collected near to the conductor and followed the applause by dancing the "cake-walk." On the appearance of two policemen they dispersed to the opposite side of the bandstand in good order, but broke out again by singing "Rule, Britannia," in unison with the instruments.

After dancing a Highland fling to the strains of "Bonnie Laddie," they were escorted to the gates by a number of exhibition attendants, with the police well in the background.

NEW JULIETTE.

Miss Selma Kurz Gives a Charming Operatic Impersonation of Shakespeare's Heroine.

There was a new Juliette at Covent Garden on Saturday night in the person of Miss Selma Kurz. Miss Kurz is undoubtedly one of the most charming operatic impersonators of Shakespeare's heroine ever seen at Covent Garden.

Her voice—one of exquisite quality and brilliancy—told well in Gounod's beautiful music, into which Miss Kurz infused the utmost poetic feeling. The singer also acted very finely—far better, indeed, than most Juliettes.

VECSEY AND HIS VIOLIN.

The Boy Prodigy Entrances a Large Audience at the Queen's Hall.

Franz von Vecsey, the idolised prodigy of the last London season, made his reappearance this year in London at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he gave an orchestral concert with the London Symphony Orchestra.

Although Vecsey does not play the violin with the artistic insight of his little rival, Mischa Elman, he is nevertheless still astonishing in the matter of technique.

He played Beethoven's Violin Concerto and Tartini's "Devil's Trill" as if they were mere trifles—child's play.

The audience was most enthusiastic, and gave Vecsey the warmest of greetings.

MR. GROSSMITH'S PLANS.

Public's Last Opportunity to Hear the Famous Two-Hour Recit-Is.

"I shall never take a public farewell," said Mr. George Grossmith to the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday, in discussing his plans for the future.

"I shall pass gradually out of the public ken. By and by, people will begin to wonder what has become of me. Then they will say: 'Where is the old gentleman, Grossmith, who used to amuse us?'"

This year will see the last of the famous two-hour recitals. In August Mr. Grossmith will start a tour of the South Coast watering places.

Later in the year Mr. Grossmith plans to tour the Midlands and Scotland, and possibly Ireland as well.

OLDEST CHURCH ORGANIST DEAD.

Mr. Webber, organist at Axminster Church, who died on Saturday, aged ninety-two, was probably the oldest church organist in England.

He played the special music at Axminster Church on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Coronation, and played there again on the day of King Edward's Coronation.

CUBA'S DE WET DEAD.

Career of Maximo Gomez, the Great Guerrilla Chief.

UNDEFEATED GENERAL.

By the death at Havana of Maximo Gomez, in his eightieth year, one of the greatest guerrilla chiefs the world has seen passes away.

He was the genius, the hero, and the commander of the Cuban insurgent army.

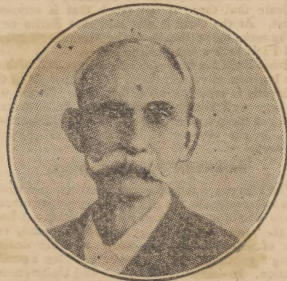
With small bodies of irregulars he baffled Spain's best generals.

When, in 1895, he landed in Santiago de Cuba and raised the flag of revolt against Spanish misrule, he issued a proclamation repudiating the epithet of "adventurer."

"Al!" concluded the manifesto, "he cannot be an adventurer who, loaded with years of troubles, remembers still, as if it were his own, the vow made to Crespedes and Agramente twenty-seven years ago, 'to vanquish or to die.'"

He instantly perceived that the way to defeat Spain was to wear her down by harassing the flanks and rears of her armies.

Like De Wet in South Africa, Gomez knew the country and the people. He knew the Spanish



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ.

also, for at one time he had been a major in the Spanish reserves.

At the battle of Santiago he hastily gathered 500 men to meet the advancing column which, under Castellanos, was marching to the relief of Guaymaro.

In a fight that lasted four days, Gomez drove back Castellanos, whose force outnumbered his by five to one, and, moreover, had artillery.

The insurgent force spent 12,000 rounds of ammunition, the Spanish less 50,000.

Of Cubans there were 65 killed and 133 wounded; of Spaniards there were 322 killed.

Idol of His Men.

He was worshipped by his men, for he never suffered a defeat.

When he retreated, the Spaniards learned to their cost that it was not to escape them.

General Campas once warned his officers on this point. "Look out for the old fox when he commences to fall back."

When the Cuban Military Assembly impeached Gomez for accepting 3,000,000dol. from the United States to carry on the campaign, he treated them with disdain.

Gomez married a cultured American lady, whose maiden name was Miss Pink Martin.

At Santiago the great chief's daughters teach music. One of them is a dressmaker.

WITNESS-BOX TO DOCK.

One Glass of Beer Makes an Old Lady Lie in the Gutter.

"It's a very pathetic story," caustically observed Mr. Plowden on hearing the circumstances under which Mary Turner, seventy-five years of age, was charged at Marylebone with drunkenness.

The woman had been a complainant at the court the previous day, and when Mr. Plowden expressed regret at seeing her there she replied that she had never been in the dock before. She had drunk one glass of beer with her solicitor. She was, however, soon afterwards found lying in the gutter.

Mr. Plowden:—You made a very plausible witness yesterday. I think you said you had been fifty years in this parish and had an unspotted character and the moment you get out of the court you lie in the gutter drunk. The solicitor passes by on the other side. Pay five shillings.

AFRAID OF MICROBES

A man at Newcastle, charged on Saturday with the theft of a purse, said he found it, but threw it away because he was afraid of microbes. The Bench thought he should have considered that the money was infectious, and have thrown that away too. They fined him 40s.

MARGATE EN FETE.

Deaf Children Who Have Been Taught To Speak Act a Play.

Margate was en fete on Saturday, with a mile of Venetian masts, festoons, and bunting, and an imposing triumphal arch just outside the West Station. For was not the Lord Mayor of London, with the Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs, Alderman Strong and Mr. G. J. Woodman, and some 300 others, coming to grace the summer fete at the Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb Poor?

Mr. W. Weale, the Mayor, was accompanied by his wife, who bore a magnificent bouquet, and supported by the town clerk, Mr. Edward Brooke. The railway and local police arrangements were excellently carried out, under the very trying circumstances, by the chief constable, Mr. Appleby, and the stationmaster, Mr. James Garroway.

On arrival at the institution the Lord Mayor first reviewed the 320 boys and girls—100 of each—and then unveiled a memorial brass tablet recording the final removal of the asylum from Permondey, where it was originally founded in 1792. Gradually, since 1862, the children have been transferred from the Old Kent-road to the Margate branch. In 1875 King Edward opened the first portion of the present building—on a terribly wet day just like Saturday.

Speeches Instantly Interpreted.

The principal speakers at the luncheon which followed the unveiling were the Lord Mayor, Alderman Strong, and Mr. Harry Marks, M.P. Mr. George Chater, chairman of the House Committee, translated the spoken words to the children simultaneously. It was stated that in the last ninety-three years 2,800 children have been apprenticed by the asylum to various trades, the total amount of premiums paid being £21,392.

Then came the annual prize-giving to the pupils by the Lady Mayoress. There were some quaint awards. "Use of language out of school" strikes one at first as a singular accomplishment. But these poor little afflicted children need to be encouraged in every possible way to use the speech they are unable to control by ear. The prizes for Good Fellowship were awarded by the children themselves to Alfred Millross (seventy-nine boys' votes) and Annie Godber (eighty-four girls' votes).

The Lord Mayor and party returned to London shortly after seven.

WESTMINSTER JEWELS.

The Duchess Describes in Court the Robbery at Grosvenor House.

The Duchess of Westminster, who was accompanied by the Duke, related to Mr. Plowden at the Marlborough-street Police Court on Saturday the circumstances, so far as she knew them, under which £66,000 worth of her jewels were taken from her boudoir in Grosvenor House.

"At half-past twelve at night on May 30," said her Grace, "I came home, and put on my dressing-room table, on the first floor, a pearl necklace and diamond brooch, and at the time there were a number of other brooches stuck in a pin-cushion, and also a chain."

"Next morning at nine o'clock I missed them. It was the first person to miss them. All but one small article of jewellery were taken. There were about twelve articles altogether, of a total value of £66,000."

Albert Chapman, charged with the theft, and a Cambridge tailor named White, who is accused of receiving the property, were committed for trial.

TATTOOED WOMAN

Found Drowned with a Companion, and Not Yet Fully Identified.

Great mystery surrounds the death of two women of the tramp class whose bodies have been found in the Forty Foot River, Cambridge.

One of the corpses was covered with remarkable tattoo marks, by the exhibition of which the woman is said to have earned her living.

On the chest was a well-executed picture of the Crucifixion, the arms were covered with designs of flowers, a sailor, a soldier, flags, a ship and a heart, as well as the figure of a woman in tights.

On the left leg was a representation of a Scotch Highlander in full dress playing bagpipes.

The women are between thirty and forty, and no clues are yet forthcoming either as to their identity or the reason of their falling in the river.

A Spitalfields hawk, on whom an inquest was held on Saturday, had tattooed on his forearm "I love Mamma and Crossman's," indicating he brewed by that firm. He died from chronic alcoholism.

Believing that his brother George, a Royal Marine, was stationed at Walmer depot, near Deal, Albert Attree, an orphan, aged eleven, tramped thither from London—about eighty-three miles—only to find that he had made a mistake.

DIVORCE SEASON.

Long List of Cases To Be Heard During Trinity Sitzings.

ARISTOCRATIC SUIT.

Divorce and matrimonial cases down for hearing during the Trinity Sitzings of the Royal Courts of Justice run into three figures. The total is 261—undefended 121, defended 65, common juries 47, special juries 28.

One of the most interesting of the divorce cases is that of "Grey Egerton v. Grey Egerton." It is the petition of Lady Mary Carolyn Campbell Grey Egerton, the respondent being Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey Egerton, the twelfth baronet.

Lady Mary was the daughter of Major J. Wayne Cuyler, a distinguished citizen and soldier of the United States, and was reputed to be very wealthy.

Sir Philip owns some of the richest lands in Cheshire. His country house, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, one of the most attractive in Cheshire, contains a choice gallery of portraits and old masters.

The marriage took place on March 4, 1893, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, and they afterwards lived at Oulton Park, near Tarporley, in Cheshire, and also in Grosvenor-square. At the time of the marriage, Lady Grey Egerton was a noted beauty. There are three children.

The case has already been before the Court on her petition for restitution of conjugal rights, and a decree pronounced in her favour. This suit is the sequel. At the time Sir Philip wrote to his wife: "I have definitely made up my mind that we cannot live together."

Suit by a Begum.

Early in the special jury list is the Abby divorce suit, which will attract considerable attention. The petition is that of Sir William Neville Abby, baronet, the respondent being Lady Eliza Sarah Abby, and the co-respondent Captain James R. Ewing.

Misconduct is alleged at Paris, Carlsbad, and Baden.

Nawab Mahmood Ali Khan, an Indian prince, is the respondent in a case brought by his wife, Emily Florence Blanche, for a judicial separation by reason of his alleged cruelty. He has filed an answer denying the charge.

The other had already been before the magistrate at the South-Western Police Court, when it was stated that the petitioner, an English lady, married the respondent in July, 1898, when she was but fifteen years of age, and that he had been guilty of acts of cruelty towards her.

UNWILLING EMIGRANT.

Plight of a Wife Sent Out of Switzerland for Domestic Disturbances.

Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster magistrate, confessed on Saturday that he was powerless to help a respectable-dressed young Englishwoman, who appealed to him for advice.

She had lived in Switzerland, she said, with her husband, who was an Englishman, and who was earning £6 or £7 a week as a foreman fitter.

They could not agree, and after a violent disturbance the authorities directed her expulsion from the country within five days. Her husband paid her fare to England, and she had had no allowance since. She was now practically destitute.

The magistrate remarked that the husband, who was abroad and was not likely to return to this country, could not be reached by any process of his court.

MYSTERY OF THREE RINGS.

Well-Dressed Young Man Pawns Rings a Jeweller Says Were Stolen from Him.

Strange complications have arisen regarding three rings, valued at £24, which were put in pledge with a Mitcham pawnbroker by James Freeman, a young man living at Cruse-road, Mitcham.

An Upper Tooting Jeweller identified the rings as part of a quantity stolen from his jewel-case, and Freeman protested that the rings were his own.

At the South-Western Police Court, on Saturday, the accused said it was shameful that he should be standing there as a felon.

A detective spoke of his respectability, and a Richmond pawnbroker said he had accepted the rings in pledge on previous occasions.

Prisoner's father appealed in vain to the magistrate, Mr. de Grey, who remanded the son on bail.

FEWER BIRTHS IN LONDON.

In Greater London 3,881 births and 1,677 deaths were registered last week.

Allowing for increase of population, these numbers are 430 and 166 below the respective averages in the corresponding weeks of the previous ten years.

LASCAR IN MID-AIR.

Extraordinary Spectacle of a Seaman Hanging from the Halyards.

A lascar, on board the steamship Asia, was responsible for one of the most remarkable spectacles ever witnessed in the Albert Dock.

This man, Cassim Hadjee, was the only lascar who hailed from Bombay; his fellow countrymen all came from Calcutta.

The rivalry between the lascars of those two cities is notorious, and Hadjee, it seems, was boycotted by the Calcutta natives.

This appears to have distressed him greatly, and soon after the Asia was berthed, he indulged in a long opium smoke, and then scuttled up the rigging, and took up his position at the masthead.

Here, in mid-air, he jabbered and gesticulated whilst a large crowd watched, in breathless excitement, fearing that at every moment the demented man would fall and be smashed to pieces on the deck below.

First, attempts were made to lasso him. He foiled these amid peals of laughter.

Hours passed. Hadjee still remained in his perilous position.

At eight o'clock he put the halyards round his neck and swung into mid-air.

The chief, second, and third officers ascended, and there ensued one of the most extraordinary struggles ever witnessed.

Just as the rescue party were about to place him in a large cargo basket the maniac released his hold and fell to the deck. He was taken in a dying condition to the Seamen's Hospital, Manor-road.

ELASTIC USE OF "MUNICH."

Term May Be Fairly Applied to Beer That Is Brewed at Glasgow.

The interesting point as to whether the term Munich could be applied to beer that was not brewed in that place was the subject of an interesting decision in the North London Police Court.

At the instance of the Munich Association of Brewers, John Oliver, of Nightingale-lane, Lower East Smithfield, the London representative of Messrs. J. and E. Tennent (Ltd.), brewers of Glasgow, was summoned for selling three dozen pints of beer to which a false trade description—to wit, Munich—was applied.

Mr. Fordham, on Saturday, remarked that no one could be misled by the label issued by Messrs. Tennent. They sold Glasgow Munich beer, and made no pretence that the beer was brewed in Munich or any place other than Glasgow.

He dismissed the summons, with £10 10s. costs.

In another similar case a defendant elected to be tried by a jury, and the matter will be dealt with at the Sessions.

MEDICINE FOR MEASLES.

Coroner Warns Mothers of the Danger of Not Calling a Doctor Early.

Measles is a malady not to be treated lightly.

Mr. Walter Schroder administered some sound counsel on this point on Saturday at an inquest regarding the death of Edward Shaw, aged five months, of Foley-street, Marylebone.

The coroner pointed out that witness ought to have had medical attention for deceased. Measles was more serious than people thought, because last year no fewer than 9,050 children under the age of two years died from the disease and its complications.

So strict was the Legislature that if the parents could not afford to pay for such, and they applied to the parochial authorities, they could get the same for nothing.

HAUNTED BY HANGMEN.

Illusory Men with Death-Warrants and Ropes Attached to Trees.

Charles Albert, of Tennis-road, Penge, who was remanded by the Anerley Bench on Saturday for inquiries to be made into his mental condition, appears to suffer from a strange hallucination.

Rushing into the Penge Police Station on Friday, he averred that someone, who had shown him his death-warrant, was running after him with a knife.

He also stated that during the last nine days he had been followed by different men, and while down the country they had tried to hang him. While at New Brighton one had followed him about with a rope attached to a tree. This man tried several times to put the rope round his neck, and he only escaped to the casual ward by the skin of his teeth.

Owing to the similarity of two bottles, carbolic acid in mistake for port wine was given by a nurse to a Hindingham (Norfolk) gaoler, because, with fatal result.

SECOND TEST MATCH LEFT DRAWN.

Slow Batting and the Reason—Fry and the Australians.

MANN'S FINE RECORD.

By F. B. WILSON.
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

By this morning the fact that Saturday's rain made play impossible at Lord's is old news to all in any way interested in cricket. It was extraordinarily bad luck that the match was not played out, as both sides had a chance of winning, and the game was likely to be finished one way or the other.

There has been a great deal said and written about England's slow batting, and both Fry and Jackson have been severely criticised. Of course, such criticism can hardly be taken seriously, but must be looked at rather as a huge joke than anything else.

Apparently, according to some authorities, the Test matches should be played, not to decide whether England or Australia is the better side, but to amuse the spectators on the ground.

In reality Fry's two innings, though slow, were invaluable to his side. Not only did he play excellent bowling on a not too easy wicket, and make over a hundred runs for once out, but, also, he inspired the rest of the side with confidence, because he made the bowling appear easier than it was.

AUSTRALIANS' PERCEPTIVE POWERS.

Probably the Australian bowlers spot a batsman's strength and weakness quicker than ours do. At any rate, they have summed up Fry's abilities pretty smartly. He is not, as they know, to be tempted by the off-side theory, for, humanly speaking, he never attempts to cut. His strength is on the leg side, his placing, pushing, and punching being unique.

The Australians know all this perfectly well and bowl accordingly. On Thursday and Friday they bowled on the wicket to Fry, generally having five and sometimes six men on the on side, and so well did they bowl to their field that it was almost impossible to get the ball away for more than one, and very difficult to do even that.

The Australians are at Dublin University to-day, where they are pretty certain to win fairly easily if the weather is kind. In fact, they are likely to try to win in two days, as the journey to Dublin and back is a tiring one, and they could do with a rest just about now.

LANCASHIRE A CERTAINTY.

Lancashire, who look like certainties for the county championship now that Yorkshire have gone down twice, scored a fine victory over Kent on Saturday by eight wickets. To-day they play against Somerset at Taunton, and are likely to add another victory to the seven they have already won.

Kent play Sussex at Tonbridge, and the game should be a good one. If they can dig Fry out somehow for few runs, however, Kent ought to just about scramble home.

Other matches to-day are:—Northampton v. Derby, at Northampton; Surrey v. Middlesex, at Lord's, where, by the way, there ought to be some exciting play, and where winning the toss will mean a lot; Hampshire v. Leicestershire, at Southampton; Yorkshire v. Nottingham, at Sheffield; Oxford v. Warwick, at Oxford; Cambridge v. Gentlemen of England, at the Crystal Palace.

'VARSITY CAPTAINS' TASK.

Both 'Varsity captains have a difficult task this year in choosing their sides. An Oxford man told me the other day that they had got fifteen certainties, and three others who ought to get in. Cambridge held up their end very well against Warwick last week, and the team are already playing well together. E. W. Mann gave his side a fine lesson in batting on Saturday, and, though a trifle lucky once or twice, played a fine knock. Warwickshire bowlers must be getting a trifle tired of Mann, as this year his scores have been 22, 157, 77, and 121 net out. This gives him an average of 125 against Warwick. In the general averages he has now gone up to place four, with an average of 63.88.

Fry's two innings at Lord's take him back into the nineties, and he is now head of the averages again. Hirst follows him with 85.5, and Quaife is third, 67.25. The latter is having a fine season this year, and he may be found playing for England before the season closes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. W. S.—If a batsman has his bat dead on the crease when the wicket is broken he is out, unless, of course, he has a foot at home.

C. B.—Certainly more than one run may be scored off a no-ball.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, a squatter is the same as a shooter. F. B. WILSON.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Bute has a good knowledge of Welsh, and the address which the Cardiff Corporation is to present to him on his marriage will be in that language.

No steps will be taken, says an Army Council order, to withdraw the lance as an article of equipment for the Lancer regiments.

Near the point on Filey beach where the motor speed-trials have been taking place two dead porpoises were found.

Three boys at Huddersfield stole a large quantity of buns which they ate until they were ill and then threw the remainder into the river.

Next Wednesday, at 2.30 p.m., the ascent by motor-car of the water-chute at the Crystal Palace is to be attempted.

Refusing to permit the burial yesterday of Robert Williamson, one of the victims of a boating accident, the rector of Hayle, Cornwall, said he would "not conduct a burial on a Sunday to please anybody, as it was breaking the Act of Parliament to do so."

As the Local Government Board have refused the application of the Brighton Council to borrow £4,000 to defray the cost of laying the track in Madeira-road for the Automobile Club motor-speed trials, commencing July 17, the money will have to come out of the rates in a comparatively short time.

By twelve votes to five the guardians of St. George's, Hanover-square, negatived a motion to allow lady practitioners to compete for a vacancy for second assistant medical officer to the work-house.

Estate of the gross value of £174,882 was left by the late Mr. Charles William Curtis, of Kearsney Abbey, Dover, head of the well-known firm of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, gunpowder and cartridge manufacturers.

In future the practice of firing a gun from pleasure steamers when under Flamborough Head, Bridlington, to startle the sea-birds on the ledges for the amusement of passengers, is to be discontinued, because the birds, in their fright, have knocked over their eggs or young fledglings.

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MOROCCAN DIFFICULTY.



The difference between France and Germany concerning the "peaceful penetration" of Morocco by the former has very nearly resulted in war, but it is hoped that the crisis is now past. M. Delcasse, as French Minister for Foreign Affairs, was responsible for the line of action which led to the difficulty. The photograph shows him leaving the Chamber after the failure of his policy compelled his resignation.

Since 1775 notable gatherings have taken place at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, and now the historic building is to be demolished.

Two square miles of moorland were set ablaze by careless holiday-makers on the Wessenden Hills, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Yesterday the charred remains of thousands of grouse were found on parts of the devastated moor.

Buried amongst medieval debris a silver grot of Edward III.'s reign, struck at York, and bearing the words Civitas Eboraci on the reverse side, has just been found in the moat which formerly surrounded Kirklington Hall, near Ripon.

Alice Grace, the Derbyshire hermit who lives out of doors, refused to attend the Derby Police Court when summoned for obstructing the foot-path with her primitive dwelling at Little Eaton, and a warrant has been issued for her arrest.

After an agitation extending over a period of twenty years, the Midland Railway Station hitherto known as Matlock Bridge will be hereafter designated Matlock only. The two stations of the district will now be Matlock and Matlock Bath.

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Morgan, C.B., D.S.O., the officer in charge of the Supply Reserve Depot, Woolwich Dockyard, contradicts the report that he has relinquished his appointment.

A portrait of Lady Hamilton, by Romney, was sold for £756 at Christie's on Saturday. Two portraits by Raeburn of Sir William Forbes, of Pit-sligo, made £367 10s. and £31 10s. respectively.

Twenty-four thousand children competed for prizes offered by the Royal Lancashire Agricultural Society, Liverpool, for essays on and drawings of animals. The papers and sketches filled a large cart.

There may be seen at Hooley Hill, Lancashire, an Aylesbury duck with four legs. Since it was hatched, on June 10, it has been quite hearty, and runs and swims just the same as its two-legged brothers.

Excitement was caused in Melton-road, Leicester, by the boiling over of a large tank of tar. In an instant the tar caught fire, and for about twelve yards the whole road was in flames, large quantities of sand having to be used to extinguish them.

CENTRAL AMERICAN HONESTY.

Stock Exchange Sceptical of Republic's Promises.

HOME RAILS DROOP.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—Stagnation is the rule on the Stock Exchange. Stagnation means a slight tendency for prices to droop. Dealers are disposed to say that if no fresh business is coming forward some of the stale speculators for the rise may sell. Accordingly they show no particular willingness to take stock, and are inclined to sell speculatively to a small extent in advance. Thus we get monotonous heavy markets.

Thus, too, we all talk politics, whether Morocco or anything else, and the Stock Exchange can look preternaturally wise when it chooses. However, one of these days one or two prominent market operators will say that things have gone far enough, and then we shall see a rally, and most people just as confident as they are now apathetic.

Consols were not got down 1-16 further to-day, and closed 99½, and considering the depressing weather and the absence of business, that would indicate that there is not much that is seriously amiss. At the close it was said that Berlin news spoke more optimistically of the Morocco situation, and Paris took a turn for the better.

Home Rails are heavy, uninteresting, and without any business to sustain them. The approach of the dividends is arousing no enthusiasm. People will be very well content if dividends are sustained. And yet the position is not so bad as things look. Still, in the absence of business prices continue to droop.

BRIGHTON "A" SET-BACK.

The Heavies eased off small fractions, and weakness was evident in the Southern speculative stocks, where Brighton "A" had a rather sharp set-back on the reduction of the speculative account, one line of stock being "spotted," and the dealers going "gunning" for it. Dover "A" lost a goodly fraction. In comparison Scottish and Underground stocks were firm, and Home Rails were the worst market in the "House."

The tendency was to buy Entre Rios on the coming new issue, which is expected to provide a bonus. But the market was not bad all round. Indeed, Foreign Rails keep up their reputation as the best market just now in the "House." The Brazilian group, the Cuban group, Antofagasta, Ottoman Rails, even a gamble in Colombian Nationals, it is really quite a respectable story all round, though United of Havana lost a trifle of the recent rise.

The Russian army in Manchuria having been surrounded once more, Japanese bonds were, of course, good. The new scrip rose to 3½ premium, closing 3½, in acknowledgment of the skill in surrounding an army with a front of 100 miles or so. It wants some doing, and even if not true, the rumour is, of course, well worth acknowledging. Perhaps it was rather odd in the circumstances that Russians showed very slight improvement.

PARIS HOLDS KAFFIRS.

Colombians did not respond to the story that at last the debt arrangement had gone through. The better the news the duller the market. We are becoming so accustomed to Central American honesty that it is really beginning to lose its force. Peruvian Corporation belated speculators found it difficult to get out without further loss. Generally speaking, foreigners were heavy at first, in acknowledgment of the Paris reflections on the Morocco business, and rallied rather well at the close. Turks were firm, for the new Turkish issue was being floated in Paris to-day.

When there is nothing doing in American Rails, the arbitrageurs are in the habit of going home, and people are inclined to sell Anglo-American Telegraphs. They were down again to-day. And most Miscellaneous things did not attract even that amount of attention. Dealers met queries as to whether there was anything doing with a stare of surprise.

As for Kaffirs, there was a little attempt to rally a few of them. For instance, Rand Mines and De Beers were got a little better. On the other hand, there were some dull spots. The story of more trouble with the Chinese did not help matters. But Paris was not a seller. Elsewhere the Great Fingall dividend lost its influence. West African shares were depressed. The Wagon report was enough to throw them. There are no Mark Tapleys in the "Jungle" nowadays.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 19 1905.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

THAT the strained relations between France and Germany will lead to war we cannot believe. There is nothing serious for either side to fight about.

The pretence of German interests in Morocco is merely a drum which the Kaiser is beating in order to keep himself prominent in the eyes of the world. France, on her side, has no quarrel with Germany.

If France should be forced to defend her dignity by force of arms, the blame and the shame of the war would rest entirely upon the Emperor William's head.

A monarch of this type is a positive danger to the world's peace. His vanity will not let him be still. His restless anxiety to be conspicuous is liable at any moment to cause a crisis.

The mass of the German people, we are quite sure, have no more desire to go to war with France (or with anyone else) than they have to annex the planet Mars.

Yet they may be pushed into another conflict, even more bloody and disastrous to both sides than that of 1870-71, simply because they are governed by a neurotic egotist with a mania for notoriety at any price.

In 1870 there was no real reason for war, except the determination of Prussia to weld the separate German States together into an Empire with herself at the head.

Bismarck deliberately forced on the outbreak of hostilities with that end in view, and the result justified the means—if anything can justify a statesman sacrificing thousands upon thousands of lives and the happiness of unnumbered homes merely to gratify personal or national ambition.

Now, however, there is not even this excuse for an aggressive German policy. The Emperor's attitude is merely wanton and mischievous, and the rest of the civilised world ought to tell him so in the plainest possible terms.

NOT QUITE DEAD YET.

Some of our friendly rivals were a little too previous in congratulating the world last week upon the "Passing of the Bar." Because the famous Criterion Bar has been turned into a restaurant, they assured their readers that the day of the Bar was over.

As a matter of fact, the Criterion Bar has merely been sent downstairs. It will not be so much in evidence, but it is certainly not yet a thing of the past. And the very fact that it is less prominent will ensure it more custom.

There are numbers of men who would not be seen tipping or nipping in public, but who will seize any opportunity of drinking unobserved. By far the best way to discourage the brain-destroying and stomach-wrecking habit of "having a drink" would be to build all drinking-places of plate glass.

No doubt the silly practice is dying out, just as the habit of getting drunk after dinner died out early in the nineteenth century. The frequenter of bars is now generally regarded as a fellow of low tastes, just as the after-dinner drunkard came to be stigmatised in the phrase of his time as "no gentleman."

But we have some little way to travel yet before the gloomy, uncomfortable, unsocial stand-up Bar will altogether die out.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

While the German grows fat and the Frenchman withers, the Englishman plays lawn-tennis under a tropical sun.—*Lord Curzon.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

AS SCOT is of course the great social event of the present week, and if only the weather be reasonably fine this ought to be a very successful meeting. The King and Queen are to entertain a very large party of guests, who will live at the Castle to-day. It will be noticed that both sides of politics are represented in the Royal household. On the Government side there is the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Cadogan, and on that of the Opposition Lord Spencer and Lord Rosebery, whilst Diplomacy is represented by Sir Frederick Lascelles.

House-parties are being held all round the district. The most important are those given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, at Bagshot Park, and by Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley, again, will be entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, amongst others, at Cowarth Park. Sir Ernest Cassel has taken Heath House for the week, and will entertain the Kheivie, Lady Howe, Mrs. George Keppel, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley. Lord and Lady Alington will have friends staying

Browning believed in him. Who could forget the comic story which was told of one of the spiritualistic seances which Browning was forced to attend? The poet, Mrs. Browning, and one or two other people took their places round a table in the sepulchral blackness of the spiritualist's room. After a long pause a laurel wreath was seen hovering in the air. Browning's face took on a self-conscious expression. Obviously the wreath was meant for him; there was something to be said for spiritualism after all. But after flitting about uncertainly for some minutes, the wreath made a rush for Mrs. Browning and settled down upon her brow! Can you wonder, after that, that Browning wrote "Mr. Sludge, the Medium"?

An engagement is just announced between Captain Edward Seymour and Lady Blanche Frances Conyngham. Captain Seymour is the son of the late Colonel Leopold Seymour. He is in the Grenadier Guards, an M.V.O. and A.D.C. to General Lord Grenfell in Ireland. Lady Blanche Conyngham is the daughter of the late Lord Conyngham and Lady Conyngham, who a few years ago married Mr. John Cameron. For the past year or so Lady Blanche Conyngham has been

known in French society, and every summer she may be said practically to "run" the season at Dinard, where she gets up dances, garden-parties, and excursions as though the town were her house and the visitors her guests. Mr. Lowther wrote a play called "The Gordian Knot" a few years ago for his friend, Mr. Tree. It had the shortest of possible runs, however, and some kind friend of Mr. Lowther ungenerously renamed it "The Claudian Rot."

Mr. Lowther is still one of the handsomest men in London. The "fatal gift of beauty" he inherits, I suppose, from his mother, whose appearance in any drawing-room, or at the theatre, or in the Park, generally caused a kind of free fight amongst those anxious to see so exquisite a creature. There is a story that she once entered a theatre in Italy where she was quite unknown. So beautiful did she look that the Italian audience rose to their feet and rapturously cheered her, as though she had been one of the goddesses immortalised in stone by their Pagan ancestors.

Cuba is one of the few places in the world where the spirit of adventure lingers, and one cannot help regretting that its most irresponsible adventures have vanished in the person of Gomez, the guerrilla chief. His death reminds me (and the story will serve to illustrate the kind of life led by such people) of an escapee of another Cuban insurgent, Nicasio Mirabal, the terror of peaceable people in the island. Breakfasting one morning at a solitary farmhouse near Sancti Spiritu he noticed two fine oxen yoked in the yard.

"They belong to my rich neighbour on yonder hill," said the old man who owned the farmhouse and had given Mirabal his breakfast. "I have to pay him 10s. a day for the use of them." "What does your neighbour ask for the oxen?" said Mirabal. "Five hundred dollars." Immediately Mirabal counted out the sum to the man, told him to take it to the rich neighbour, and bring back a receipt. The old man did so. Then Mirabal strolled up to the house on the hill and said to the rich man: "Pardon me, my name is Mirabal. I have proof that you have been paid 500 dollars. I don't want to inconvenience you, but I want that sum badly." So saying, he gently fingered his revolver. The rich man handed him the money without a word.

A very interesting figure is that of Lieutenant-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, V.C., who was present at the old Chelsea Hospital yesterday to inspect the Corps of Commissionaires. He is famous, partly, as the most intimate friend of Lord Roberts. The story of the companionship of these veterans of war is picturesque. They were "boys together," and joined the same corps when boyhood was over, and together they went through the Indian Mutiny. Both took part in the siege of Delhi and in the fighting round Lucknow; both were wounded there; both recovered, almost miraculously, at the same time; and at the same time both were rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

How Sir James won the cross has been described by Lord Roberts in his "Forty-one Years in India." He made a desperate charge, almost alone, against a party of mutineers. He cut down the first of them and "slashed the next over the face." "Then," says Lord Roberts, "the two fell, lowing crashed into him and down he went, and lay snug till the troop, 150 or so, rode over him. Then he got up and looked for his sword. Had just found it when three of them turned back for him." He "went for the three first with his sword, then, when that broke, with his fists.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Linievitch.

WHEN Kuropatkin was put over his head, he did not scruple to say: "It is the Tsar's will, and I submit; but the future will show who is the more fit for the place."

Now he has got his chance again he does not seem to have done much with it. Reports from Manchuria, the scene of a party of mutineers, say that he himself is to be completely surrounded. But for all that, he has done better than any other Russian commander up to the present—which is not saying much, however.

He was the only Russian general who got his army away from the slaughter at Mukden in anything like order. His success in that instance may be attributed to two things—the love his men bear him, and his skill as an organiser.

That he is one of themselves, and has worked his way from the ranks, has a lot to do with this affection. He understands the private soldier and his wants, a thing the average Russian officer does not. He makes a point of knowing as many men personally as he can, and they like it. They show their opinion of him by two nicknames: they call him the "Old Wolf of Manchuria" in recognition of his qualities as a fighter, and "Little Father Linievitch" for his care of them.

And his nickname of "Wolf" fits him very well. His short, bristling white beard and white moustache, a fierce-looking mouth, short neck, and broad shoulders, make him look the war-worn old fighter he is, while a limp, the result of an old wound in his foot, heightens the likeness.

A FORGOTTEN GUEST ANXIOUS FOR TROUBLE.



The German Emperor, it is reported, is very much upset because Great Britain, France, Spain, and Morocco have arranged their affairs without reference to his feelings.

with them, including Mrs. Hwfa Williams and her daughter, Miss Gwenfa Williams; and Lord and Lady Chelsea have also a house party.

When Prince and Princess Gustavus go to Adare Manor, in Ireland, where they are to spend the second part of their honeymoon, they will find themselves in the midst of an even more peaceful country than that round Saughton Grange. No one was surprised that Lord Dunraven's beautiful home should have been selected as a place for the royal honeymoon, for he has long been very intimate with the Duke of Connaught, and has taken the keenest interest in the marriage of the Princess Margaret.

The mention of Adare reminds me that it was there, in the beautiful gardens of the house that Lord Dunraven had a curious experience. Years ago he used to be very much interested in spiritualism, and he was one of the many clever people who came under the fascination of the famous magician, Home. Home was invited to stay at Adare, and one morning as they were walking round the garden Lord Dunraven saw him rise twenty or thirty feet into the air and there hang suspended for some time. Explain this "miracle" by calling it an optical delusion if you like, but the incident shows that Home must have been a remarkably clever person.

Was Home really a fraud? Browning, as those who have read "Mr. Sludge, the Medium" will remember, was convinced that he was, though Mrs.

chaperoned by her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Conyngham, and also by one of her maternal aunts, Mrs. John Greville, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Ventry.

It is to be hoped that the improvement lately announced in the condition of Mr. Christobal Murrieta will be maintained, and the doctors are in great hopes that he will be able to return to London very shortly. Mr. Christobal Murrieta, who is very well known in London society, is tall and remarkably good-looking. One of the nicknames his friends have given him is "The Caterpillar," which seems to suit his willowy figure. He is one of the best-dressed men in London, and has always been a welcome guest at the smartest houses.

Captain Claud Willoughby and Lady Florence Astley were married on Saturday at St. Peter's, Eaton-square. Captain Willoughby is the third son of Lord Ancester. He is in the Coldstream Guards, and saw active service in South Africa. On his mother's side he is a Gordon, a nephew of Lord Huntley, and, like all the men of that family, extremely good-looking. Lady Florence Willoughby, as she must now be called, is the widow of the late Mr. Bertram Astley, who died of consumption in the early part of last year.

Popular Mr. Claude Lowther, who has been suffering lately from an affection of the throat, which has kept him out of the whirl of the season, is quite as well known in Paris as in London. His sister, Miss Aimée Lowther, is also very well

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPRESS

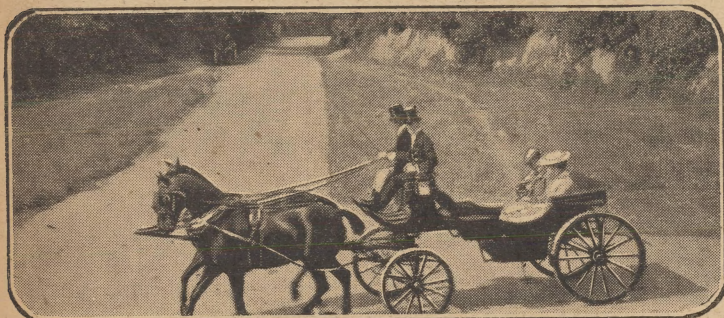


TAKEN "BY COMMAND" AT WINDSOR.



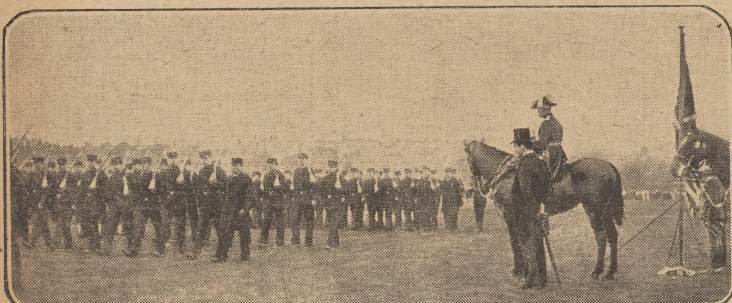
Prince and Princess Gustavus Adolphus (Princess Margaret of Connaught) with the royal bridesmaids. On the left is Princess Ena of Battenberg, and next to her Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg. The bride's sister, Princess Patricia of Connaught, stands on the right, and seated in front of the group is Princess Victoria Alexandra, the little daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The portrait group was specially taken by royal command immediately after the ceremony.—(Russell.)

HONEYMOON PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL PAIR.



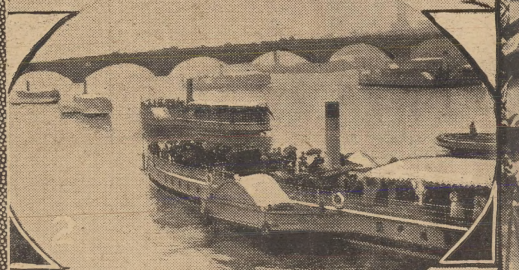
A snapshot of Prince Gustavus Adolphus and his bride on their way from Saughton Towers for a drive through the beautiful park surrounding Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's palatial residence in Cheshire.

MARTIAL TELEGRAPH BOYS IN HYDE PARK.



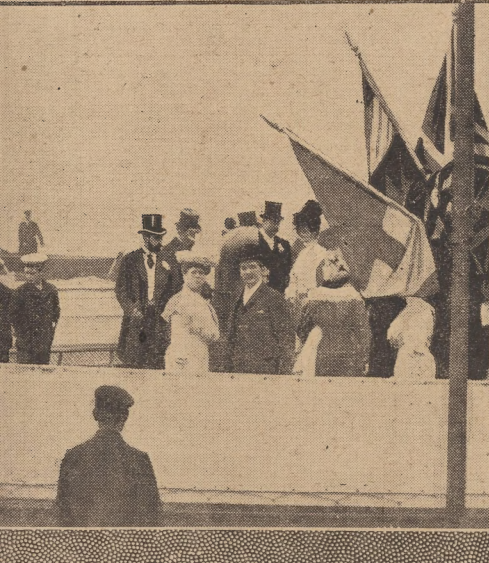
A corps of 1,000 telegraph boys paraded in Hyde Park before General Oliphant, and won from him unstinted praise for smartness in marching and drill. The boys who compose the Post Office Telegraph Messenger Corps come from all parts of London, and take an enthusiastic interest in their military training.

Prince of Wales's T



No. 1: The Prince of Wales at Greenwich going to the tramcar in which he...
No. 3: Winners of Dog...
a guard of honour for the Prince of Wales. No. 4: The Prince of Wales...
Princes Edward and...

by Boat and Car.



return journey to Westminster Bridge. No. 2: The procession of river at and Badge in their quaint red uniform formed up at Greenwich as g through South London on the top of a tramcar. No. 5: The young on the river steamer King Alfred.



LATEST NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

ROYALTY AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.



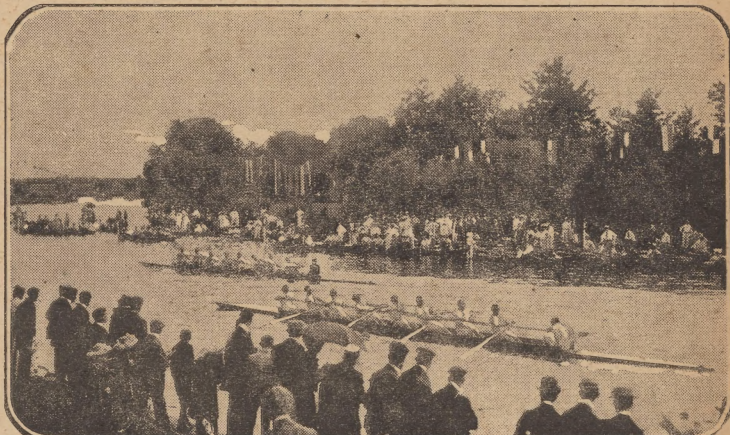
Prince Francis of Teck (on the left) and Prince Alexander of Teck (on the right) at the Richmond Horse Show on Saturday. Prince Francis was acting as the representative of his brother, the Duke of Teck, who is president of the Richmond Horse Show Society.

PUSHBALL AT RANELAGH ON SATURDAY.



An amusing sport both for players and spectators. Pushball, played by mounted teams, has become a popular feature at Ranelagh. The horses seem to enter into the spirit of the game as much as their riders, and display really wonderful intelligence. The small photograph shows the goalkeeper taking a rest.

RACING AT WALTON REGATTA.



Though the weather left a good deal to be desired, there was a fairly good attendance at Walton Regatta on Saturday. The photograph shows the finish of the third heat of the Walton eights. It was won by the Twickenham Rowing Club, which also won the final.

WHERE THE INSPECTOR FAILS.

The London Season From the Dressmaker's Point of View.

By EDWIN PUGH.

The pretty, but pale and rather hollow-eyed, little sempstress bubbled over with merriment as she told me all about it. She is in the regular employment of a fashionable Court dressmaker, whose establishment forms part of a private house near Bond-street. And the subject of her rippling discourse was the cross simplicity and guilelessness of those lady-inspectors specially appointed, under the benign auspices of the commissioners of the Factory Acts, to protect the interests of just such overworked, underpaid young women as herself. "Interfering old frumps," she called them.

"Isn't it your welfare that they are looking after?" I observed. "Don't they visit your premises to find out if you are working under proper hygienic conditions, to see that you have so many cubic feet of pure air apiece, and that you are not kept later than the law permits?"

FORCED TO TELL LIES.

"I suppose so," she answered carelessly. "All the same, I detest them. And so do the other girls." "Why?" I inquired. "Because you have to tell them such a lot of lies, and I hate telling lies." "But why?" "Oh, don't talk like a clockwork doll!" she said impatiently. "How on earth can we tell the truth! If we did, poor Madame would get into no end of trouble. And then she might sack us." "But even if you were sacked you would have not the least difficulty in obtaining another situation. You have told me so yourself," I reminded her.

"That's true enough—at this time of the year," she admitted. "Still, I should have to lose a day at least looking for one. And then, if I did leave her, I doubt if I should find a billet where the girls were not expected to work overtime—in the season, anyhow." "Modistes should employ more hands, that's all," said I.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

"They're not allowed to. You know yourself that they are only allowed to have so many girls to each room. And they do employ more, as it happens," she added inconsequently. "We've had as many as twelve in ours, and legally there's only space for five."

"They should take larger premises."

"Just when they're most busy? As if they could be bothered then."

"No," said I, "not then. They should provide before the season starts for the inevitable rush, by taking an extra room or two."

"You talk as if rooms were as common as wet mornings outside the omnibus, instead of being as few and far between as Sundays. And then, why should Madame have to pay for rooms that she might have no use for weeks?"

"She would be prepared then," said I.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A young king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XLV.

"When your husband returns, tell me what will happen," Arthur said at last, his voice quiet now, passionate, cold, and apparently under perfect control. "When your husband returns, tell me what will happen?" he repeated, hardly giving Dolores time to reply.

She looked anxiously at him. That quiet, level voice frightened her more than his passion; it was too calm, too cold. It was the calm before a great storm, and looking at him Dolores saw the storm clouds gathering in his face, looming large in his deep-set eyes. Even as she looked the lightning flashed there.

"How do you mean—that will happen?" she asked, to gain time.

"What will you say, and what will he do?"

"If he finds you here?"

Arthur did not reply at once; slowly he fixed his eyes on her face; the light playing in their sombre depths now revealed almost a touch of madness.

Dolores put out her hand and let it lie on his,

"Poor thing! She has quite enough worry as it is. You forget that she is not always mad flush of money when she is most busy. In fact, she's generally most hard up then. She has so many girls to pay, and costly material to buy, and all sorts of other expenses. If ladies paid for their dresses as soon as they were sent home it would be a different matter."

"They don't, I suppose."

"No fear! Sometimes they don't pay at all."

"Your Madame shouldn't work for such—"

"Don't be foolish. Some of our non-paying customers are just the ones Madame can least afford to lose. They are a walking advertisement for her. They pay for dressing, as we say—though they don't pay for their dresses."

"If you were only as sensible as—as navvies—and were to combine and form a trades union, you would only have to work a certain number of hours each day all the year round."

"All the year round?" she queried slyly.

"Well—"

"It's a matter of give and take," she explained.

"Madame keeps us on when she's slack, and we oblige her when she's busy. And she's awfully good, too! She's a dear, really! Besides, we don't mind working overtime. Personally, I like it. I look forward to it."

"What?"

"Don't you see? I get paid extra."

"Ah, now I understand," said I. "But what a long time you took to say that!"

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WOMEN "TOO OLD AT FORTY."

The reason why a business woman is "too old at forty" is not far to seek.

Woman's object in life is to get married. If she has reached the age of forty without doing so, she has usually given up hope of a husband. The sense of her failure in woman's greatest duty sours her outlook on life and makes her an unpleasant person to employ. **MARRIED.**

Harrogate.

If the idea of a business woman is only a young person who taps out dictated correspondence on a typewriter, probably women are "too old at forty," for their experience of the world makes them discontented with their lot.

If they are expected to take a proper place among business people and exercise positions of trust, women are "too young till thirty-five."

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN.

Cheapside, E.C.

NUISANCES IN PUBLIC VEHICLES.

In connection with the case of the constable fined for ejecting a man from a tramcar, let me repeat an experience of a friend of mine who has a curious fancy for travelling in omnibuses.

He was in one on Wednesday night between Piccadilly and Eaton Park-gardens. A large woman, rather intoxicated, was making herself a nuisance. The conductor, a small man, warned her several times. At last he made up his mind to act.

He did not call a policeman. He suddenly picked her up and carried her the length of the vehicle, and put her down in the street. She had no time to struggle. My friend says he never saw anything more neatly or humanely done in his life. Eaton-terrace, S.W. G. B. B. J.

comfortingly, soothingly, but he started away as if her touch burnt him.

"Don't do that!" he cried. "I can't bear it—it's torture to feel you, torture to hear you, torture to see you."

"Arthur?"

"Yes, torture! Unspeaking, unbearable torture. For I'm seeing you for the last time, hearing your voice—touching your hands, your face, for the very last time. At least so you say—you say it must be so, you have promised. You promised without telling me, without consulting me? You didn't believe in my love, then," he cried, the storm slowly breaking; his voice now like approaching thunder.

"You didn't believe my love was different to other men's, the love of the sort of man you knew in the old life you used to live, the man whose love was like the stake he put on his fancy in a big race?"

"I've been trying to think of your life more than of your love," she said quietly, without a trace of resentment.

"My love is my life, my love for you. I've told you so over and over again."

"Perhaps one day you'll think differently."

"Never! I'm willing to take that risk anyway; I'm willing to risk anything for your sake! What are you willing to risk for mine?"

Dolores did not reply.

At the last moment, at the supreme moment, she was strong, stronger than she dreamed she could have been. But she knew that her strength could not last long before the storm that swept so wildly around her.

"Answer me—what are you willing to risk for my sake?"

She had to answer then; she had to speak; and she had to tell him the truth—open his eyes to what she meant to do. She was sorry for his sake, and she would not speak in self-defence—only in defence of her love.

"I don't want to risk anything," she replied. "But I am giving up everything for your sake."

(Continued on page 11.)

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Design No. 46

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MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE.

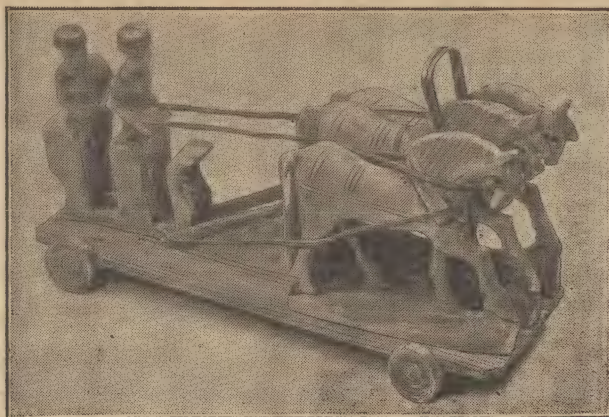
Never comes wrong.

MAYOR OF MARGATE.



Councillor William Weale, Mayor of Margate, who welcomed the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. John POUND, to the seaside town on Saturday at a fête in aid of the Royal Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Poor.

MADE BY THE TSARITSA FOR HER SON.



A unique photograph of a small wooden toy carved by the Tsaritsa for her baby son, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne. It is carved in soft white wood, and represents a troika. The Tsaritsa inherited her artistic ability from her English mother, Princess Alice.

CHAMPION MILITARY COOKS.



The team of regimental cooks belonging to the 19th Middlesex Rifles which won the Army cookery competition prize shield at the Cookery and Food Exhibition held at the Royal Horticultural Society's hall at Westminster.

RELEASED BY ORDER.



Mr. Horace Forbes, an innocent man, sentenced on May 9 to eighteen months' imprisonment.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

everything I care for, everything I hold dear. I am giving myself—and I know that my heart and soul belong to you. Don't you understand, dear, that death would be easier—far easier?"

"Death?"

"Yes; that was the way I first thought of. It seemed the only way. But I know now; it's not the fair way; it's not playing the game—to die. It's merely cheating. So the only thing I can absolutely give you, promise you, are my thoughts and prayers. They will," she said, with a little smile, "always float towards you like incense towards the altar of one's guardian angel."

"I don't want your thoughts, I don't want your prayers, I want you! You, the real living woman—you, the flesh and blood, you!"

"We must take no risks, Arthur."

"Look at me," he cried, seizing her roughly by the arms and forcing her to stand opposite to him, close to him; forcing her to look into his eyes, dangerously afire with electricity now. "Look at me and tell me the truth—you have grown to love this—this husband of yours; this drunken brute I found spying in the garden and nearly thrashed—would to heaven I had thrashed and killed him then! You love him; he has cast some horrible spell over you; brought some damnable fascination to bear on you. Answer me, yes or no!"

What little colour she possessed fled from Dolores's face, leaving it a ghastly white. She stared at Arthur in horror.

"You must be mad to ask such a question. What right have you to think such a thing possible? You must be mad, I say, mad!"

"Answer me, yes or no!"

"I will not answer you! The question is cruel—is insulting. If you think I am so changeable, so weak, so vile, you are well rid of me. Let me go, leave me!"

"Not till you've answered me," he cried. "Perhaps I am mad, but you have taken my senses away. Look at me, look well into my face. Do

you see what these months of separation have done for me? Do you think I can live apart from you? I tell you I can't, I know that I can't. It is no empty boast or threat. I'm not trying to frighten you; but you spoke of death and suicide; you said that you felt like a murderess because you were killing your husband with the poison of hope deferred. Well, one of us has got to die—he or I! Oh, I don't mean I'm thinking of killing myself or him. It is you who will kill one of us, our love for you."

"Silence—for pity's sake!" she cried, trying to put her hand over his mouth. "Silence, you torture me beyond endurance; what you say is not true; you will live without me. You can, you must, you shall!"

"I can't, I won't! You must choose between us, choose which of us you love best." He laughed loudly, derisively. "One of us must be sacrificed; which is it to be?"

Dolores's eyes were on fire now; they burnt like two stars in great black caverns, thrown by the dead, white face; her head was outlined back, her body straining away from him, as he tried to hold her in his arms. Her breath came in quick, short gasps, her breast rising and falling like a billow on a storm-tossed sea, her wonderful hair hung like a dark, mysterious cloud above her forehead.

"Choose between you," she repeated. "That is

THE OUT-OF-DOORS

"LONDON

"LONDON

"LONDON

"LONDON

"LONDON

MAGAZINE."

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

what I thought I could do; but I have to do—I have done something much more difficult; I've had to choose between love and duty—and I've chosen duty—and I cannot alter my choice. You will not ask me to, you will not tempt me!"

"You have chosen Duty! That means you have decided to remain here—with your husband; you give yourself to him and you send me away?"

"Yes."

"And yet you love me as much as ever, more than ever," he cried, crushing her in his arms. "You love me, absolutely."

Her heart would speak, her lips would translate the speech. She could not help herself. Right or wrong, she had to tell Arthur Merrick just once again, for the last time, that she loved him, how much she loved him.

Of course, he knew; she had told him over and over again. He knew. He could read it in her eyes now, they were simply brimming over with love and passion; love lay with desire on her trembling red lips; love beat in her breast.

But she had to tell him:—

"I love you."

It is strange how Love delights in making his slaves, the slaves, who for the time are kings and queens—nay, gods and goddesses rather—say those three very simple ordinary words over and over again; how they never tire of saying them, of hearing them said. Sweeter than a bar of the sweetest music the greatest musician ever wrote or played; sweeter than the strings of a violin, than the scent of a lily, than the song of a lark. Sweeter than anything else in life—so long as it is a king who speaks and a queen who listens; so long as the speakers are deified by Love's spell.

When Love falls asleep, or like a butterfly, ceases to fly and turns into a grub and crawls on the earth, then no three words can sound more foolish, nor two speakers feel such fools as the deposed king and queen, the god and goddess turned to mortal clay.

But it is good to be immortal, if only for five minutes—perhaps in a crowded street, a train, or omnibus.

(Continued on page 13.)

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH A COLONEL

"How did I get rid of my lameness? Why, it was in this way. You know I suffered for years more or less from pain and swelling in the joints at times, gouty eczema, stiffness, etc., and I used to go in for treatment once or twice a year to Harrogate, Carlsbad, or one of those places, without much benefit. Last summer I thought I would try Buxton again. I had been there about a week, when, after trying to play a few holes at golf one morning, I went into the clubhouse to lunch. Soon after, my old friend, Colonel —, came in, and after shaking hands we sat down together. He seemed very fit, and I said to him, 'Buxton or something seems to have made a marvellous change in you; you used to walk with a stick, and now you go along like a young man.'

"No," he said, 'it isn't Buxton; it's a remedy I saw advertised in the papers, called "Bishop's Varalle's," and you can see yourself the results they have produced in me. I can walk well, play a round at golf, feel years younger now that I am able to take proper exercise, and, in fact, they have done more for me than all the mineral waters put together.'

"They certainly seem to have worked wonders in your case, but though, of course, I've seen them advertised I have never tried them myself. Did you take them on your own account?"

"Not exactly; but as none of the other treatments I had tried did much good I asked my doctor if there was any harm in my taking them, and he said, 'No, do so by all means,' and the result you can now see."

"It's really remarkable, and I really must try them, as they seem to have done so much for you."

"You can't do better! They are very pleasant to take, and very easily carried in the waistcoat pocket. See, I just drop one into my whisky-and-water (although any other liquid would do as well) and it converts it into a pleasant, sparkling drink! I'll put one into yours, if I may, and you will be beginning the treatment at once. You can buy some at the chemist's as you go home. The best way is to get a 5s. box, which will last twenty-five days. You may have to buy two or three of these, as you cannot expect to get rid in a few days of gouty symptoms that you have had more or less for years."

"Thanks very much for the information. If I improve on the treatment in the same way as you have I don't care how long I have to continue them."

GOOD ADVICE FOR YOU

Do not allow yourself to suffer from any form of uric acid trouble, as all ailments of this group are preventable. When the first symptoms appear further trouble may be averted if Bishop's Varalle's treatment is adopted. The following are the early signs of uric acid trouble, and if they are yours you should at once commence with Bishop's Varalle's, as their value is absolutely indisputable. The excess of uric acid in the system, which causes gout, rheumatism, gravel stone, sciatica, lumbago, and acidity, manifests itself by irritation between the fingers, the palms of the hands, or about the ankles and feet, a sensation of burning in the skin, difficulty in bending the joints, concretions on the outer rim of the ear, and little lumps under the skin on arm, breast, or legs. Other signs are acidity, heartburn, or flatulence, torpid liver, with aching in the right side, or the passing of small red grains of uric acid. Feelings of stiffness in the joints, sore muscles, slight difficulty in bending them, tenderness also both to the touch and on movement, and enlargement of the joints are all Nature's finger-posts pointing towards some uric acid malady. If some one or two of these symptoms are yours, adopt Bishop's Varalle's treatment immediately.

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Clarke, Bechenroft-road, East Sheen, writes: "I have been in the habit of using Bishop's Varalle's for some time, and I find them the best corrective for gout I know of. I have suffered great inconvenience in the past from this malady, but since I have used Bishop's Varalle's I have been but seldom troubled. I was through the Egyptian Campaign, and during the whole time I used Bishop's Varalle's and found them of great value. I always take one of Bishop's Varalle's in my whisky-and-water, and I find them most convenient and portable."

A Colonel in H.M. Army says: "A year ago I suffered very much from gravel, and regularly every two months endured untold torture, and twice was seriously ill in consequence. I saw your advertisement, got some Bishop's Varalle's, and from that day to this have never suffered the slightest pain, had a suspicion of gravel, or anything else. I have now taken them three times a day (one after each meal) for a year."

BISHOP'S VARALLETS (Regd.)

are supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores in vials at 1s. and 2s., and in boxes containing twenty-five days' treatment at 5s., or by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., and 5s. 2d., post free anywhere within the United Kingdom. With every vial is enclosed a leaflet regarding diet, etc., in all uric acid troubles, which you will find of great interest. Any further information you may require Messrs. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., will be pleased to supply if you will write them.

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WE WILL ACCEPT WHILE THEY LAST 2/9 2/9 2/9 2/9

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OUR... for offering these goods at such a give-away price is REASON. They were omitted by accident from our "Era Creating" Sale Catalogue SHORTLY to be issued to all our customers, and consequently we have decided to clear them out at the absurd price asked. As the offer is open until June 30, and is confined to readers of this paper, Coupon must be used.



"DAILY MIRROR." Good until June 30, for 2/9 Skirt and 2/- Blouse, entitling sender also to "Era Creating" Sale Catalogue free when ready.

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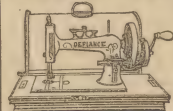
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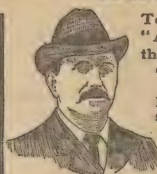
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(Mention this paper.)

PRETTY MILLINERY FOR ROYAL ASCOT, AND A REVIEW OF THE FROCKS.

TOILETTES FOR THE RACES

DRESSMAKERS READY WITH FINE WEATHER FROCKS.

Mousseline de soie is one of the most beautiful of fabrics. An exquisite model of pink mousseline de soie has a skirt trimmed with puffs headed with rows of slightly ruffled satin ribbon, and with it is to be worn at Ascot, if fine weather be vouchsafed, a Louis XV. coat of Irish lace embroidered heavily in shades of pink.

The fashionable bodice is cut to show the seams, and is draped across the figure. It may also be gauged down the front and down the back. An attractive example of this vogue is carried out in green voile made up with pompadour brocade, the ground of which is the same colour as the voile. The bolero is gauged down the open front and under the arms, and there is a high corsage belt of the brocade, which serves as a vest. The sides of the jacket are ornamented with fancy buttons. Sleeves are growing smaller, and the favourite model of the hour is the broad-shoulder effect without any drooping fulness. The latest sleeves show the contour of the arm distinctly, and many are cut short above or at the elbows, in the milk-maid manner.

Patterned with Peonies.

Wonderful indeed are the vests that are being applied to the now fashionable three-quarter and hip-length jackets. Brocade is pressed into the service, and more remarkable still, cretonnes are being used, patterned with enormous roses, dahlias, and peonies. White piqué toilettes will be seen this week at Ascot, with scarlet cretonne waistcoats, some of them quite narrow strips, and others double-breasted and fastened with large piqué buttons rimmed with silver or gold.

At first glance after the whites the predominance of the lilac, green and blue shades is very striking among the new gowns worn. The clear, rather light blue and kindred shades are particularly in evidence, not only for whole costumes, but as relieving notes for darker blues or in combination with other colours. In millinery especially these colours have achieved popularity.

Coquettish coats and little nondescript wraps of taffetas are distinct features of the summer toilette, and either accompany frocks of the same silk or of voile chiffon or any other summer fabric, including lace. Shot silks are the materials chosen for some of the smartest of these dressy afternoon costumes.

Pigeon's Breast Colour.

A soft grey shot with lilac with somewhat the effect of pigeon's breast colouring is very successful. So is a soft brown and old blue combination. Lilac and green and lilac or green with light beige are also liked, and any of the season's shades shot with white are desirable.

The Ascot hat depicted on this page is made of white lace trimmed with a sash of yellow taffetas round the crown and a bunch of ostrich feathers in gold and cream shades. Black hats are not quite so fashionable as they were, except when required for mourning purposes, but when a black gown demands some black in the hat it is often obtained by using a coloured straw to bind the brim and trimming the side with violet, pink, or pale blue bunches of dead roses. Rose-pink is a favourite combination with black.

The tricorne hat is worn in so many ways that it

seems to be a variety of hats in itself. It is worn back from the face, or with one side turned high up on the crown and covered with flowers or tipped over the forehead, and the back profusely trimmed. The sailor hat is another model that appears to be capable of a dozen transformations. Of supreme importance at this sylvan season of the year is the lingerie hat, charmingly presented in various forms, including the broderie Anglaise model and the ruffled one carried out in lace-edged muslin.

On the right observe a beautiful white lace hat, adorned with yellow taffetas and shaded gold and cream ostrich feathers, and below a morning frock for the country, made of pale and darker blue linen, with linen-covered buttons and milkmaid sleeves.



HOT WEATHER BEVERAGES.

LEMONADE.

This, of course, is a very simply-made drink. Cut the lemons into thin slices, removing as much of the white pith as possible and the pips of the fruit, and put them into a jug, with the addition of loaf sugar and the peel of the lemons, which



should have been carefully pared. Pour boiling water over it, and let it stand until it is quite cold, when, after being strained, it is ready for use. A good proportion is to take four large lemons for a gallon-sized jug and three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar.

CURRANT WATER.

Take three tablespoonsful of fresh currant juice or one teaspoonful of currant jelly and dissolve it in half a cup of water. This is a valuable and refreshing drink, and any kind of acid jelly may be used in the same way.

HOLIDAY FASHIONS

We make a speciality of dainty and inexpensive garments for holiday wear. The following are one or two items from the various departments:

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LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

It is a glorious thing to be a king or a queen and rule—for five minutes. It is a wonderful thing to be able to say "I love you" fifteen times in five minutes—to hear it said and to find fresh music in the saying every time.

"Yes, I love you, Arthur," Dolores cried, as for an instant she let the silken thread of duty fly. "I love you, absolutely—you only. I never loved until I met you; I shall never love anyone else. How could you doubt me? Don't you know, won't you know always, for ever and ever?"

"I didn't doubt you," he whispered, bending over her until their lips met. "But I wanted you to tell me—that was all—and, and I was jealous, I am jealous. It is more than human nature is capable of, it is more than flesh and blood can stand—to see you here now, hold you in my arms, and the next minute calmly give you up to another man."

"Ah! it isn't as if he really were your husband, as if you had ever belonged to him."

"My darling, I love you—tell me again that you love me. Oh, it's madness, folly, I know—but I can't go; I can't leave you yet. There is nothing to fear; no one can see us here, no one can listen to us. We are quite alone, Dolores, alone with our love—alone in the silence and darkness of the night. . . . Come, sit here, just for a little while. Don't send me away yet."

"You mustn't stop a minute longer," she panted, struggling for strength, struggling to mean the words only her lips spoke. "As you love me, go. Leave me, dear—before it is too late."

"Before it is too late!" he echoed with a wild, glad cry. "If I do leave you, it will be too late. I know I can never return. You have said it. I shall not go—I shall not leave you, or, if I go, you will come with me, Dolores!"

"Yes, now is the hour. Come, come with me. We'll go far away; no one need ever know, no one will care. Love such as ours cannot be killed or trifled with. You know that, you feel it. I see it in your eyes—your eyes give the lie to your lips, Dolores. Your lips say 'Go,' but your eyes tell me to stay."

"No—no, I wish you to go."

"I don't believe it," he cried exultingly, pressing her closer, closer. "I don't believe it. You came to me to-day—Fate brought you, and now you remain. Don't hide your face, look up—look at me, Dolores. Kiss me."

"I am afraid," she whispered, her body suddenly growing limp in his arms. "I am afraid. . . ."

No, don't leave me—I love you. Love me, Arthur—love me."

Still the silence and the darkness, pregnant with a sense of impending doom.

Then suddenly the darkness was scattered as the full moon topped the trees and threw a pale yellow path up the garden.

But the silence remained unbroken, and Dolores still lay in Arthur Merrick's arms.

Then, slowly, quietly he led her away, up the moonlit path towards the cottage; their eyes fixed on one another, their arms entwined.

And from the open windows of the house a man peered out—a dusty, travel-stained figure, with shaking hands and bloodshot eyes—and in his trembling hands were clasped a bundle of papers.

He saw the figures on the moonlit path, he saw them slowly, slowly coming towards him, each so closely pressed to the heart of the other.

He started forward with a sharp, glad cry—then stopped suddenly, whilst an awful light gleamed in his eyes and an awful curse rose to his lips.

(To be continued.)

"DAILY MAIL."

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

[illegible]

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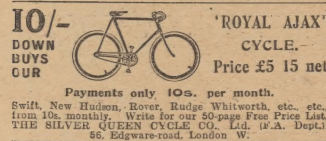

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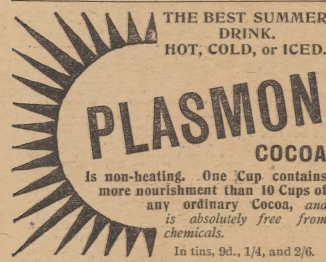
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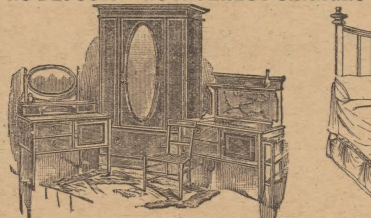
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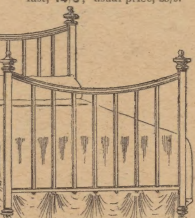
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